

## New York Tribune

First to Last—The Truth—News—Editorials—Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1922

Owned by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily, except Sundays, Holidays, and days of mourning. Office: 125 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone: 3000.

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Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Matter

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## Against the Public

That the strike of the railway shopmen is against the public, not against the railways, has been manifest from its beginning.

Had all the railway employees gone out, as was threatened last year, there would be no doubt in any one's mind. Because the walk-out is confined to a few crafts and only partially interferes with transportation creates no difference. The shopmen are doing all in their power to stop the country's industries and to make every worker jobless and every home foodless. Spokesmen for the strikers now boast that their stronghold will throttle the business revival.

The wage decision rejected did not come from the railroad executives, whether hard boiled or soft boiled. The award came from a duly constituted public agency. It went into effect on the same day the railroads were forced to accept a 10 per cent reduction in rates. It was part of the general program to bring down prices of all kinds from war levels.

The shopmen, in lowered living costs, are enjoying the benefit of reductions in other men's wages. But for themselves they demand exemption from the common lot. If the public will not submit it is to be choked into submission. Yet in 400 cases where the decisions of the Labor Board had been in their favor the shopmen joyfully accepted its adjudication.

That the shopmen now realize the unreasonableness and unfairness of their action is shown by the semi-official announcement that if seniority and pension rights are restored the strike will be called off. This condition is, of course, technically indefensible. Those who suddenly quit forfeited their rights, and the rights of men who stood by the public are unchallengeable.

But the concession is one that is commonly made when a labor settlement is effected. Without regard to any advice given to him by railroad officials, and having in view only the public's interest, the President will not be criticized if he declares amnesty. The occasion is not one for strict logic. A way can be found to compensate the new workers.

## National Readiness

General Pershing intrudes on the dreamy apathy of those who have short memories with plans for bringing the United States into what he terms "a national position in readiness."

However remote possible invasion may be, it is essential to be prepared against it. The war showed the consequences of unpreparedness. It cost many lives, and if the Allies had not stood between us and the Germans we would have been in grave peril.

We may have no allies the next time, so must be able to protect ourselves. To insure this General Pershing would organize the military establishment to guard landing spots and lines of advance by existing divisions. Relying on naval and air forces to give warning of threatened attack, there would be ready to defend their sector and at the same time be able to recruit to full war strength and give adequate training to new men.

This plan looks to co-operation with the coast, air and naval forces while the military establishment is expanding from peace to war strength. It requires a well-trained small regular force with adequate trained reserves and sufficiently strong to withstand invasion while a new national army is being created.

General Pershing lays down the maxim that "the permissible minimum of peace training is that required to prevent invasion at the outbreak of the war." This is, of course, only the first step, as mere defense against invasion is hardly sufficient to defeat the enemy. But

it is an all-essential first step. It is an amazing thing that now there is no co-ordinated plan.

## The London Conference

When Poincaré reaches London and confers with Lloyd George the French Premier will have the advantage of a cast-iron case.

For a time it seemed that the shouting of such irrelevancies as that France is relentless, or militaristic, or frenzied in hate might divert attention from the cold facts of the reparation problem. But France kept calm and firm and the merits of her contentions are no longer seriously challenged.

France was the great war sufferer. Is it fair, or just, or moral to ask her to repair the damage done to her while Germany, her wanton assailant, goes free? Obviously some one must pay for the reconstruction of the wrecked provinces of France. If Germany doesn't, or some one does not in her stead, then France must do it. Is there a person in the world able to say with sincerity that such a shift of burden from the aggressor to the victim is right? No wonder Lloyd George is not able to meet this simple argument!

To restore France was the post-war business of Germany. But if any other country for reasons that seem good to it would shoulder part of the burden it has the privilege. But to pass the burden to France is to be generous at another's expense.

## Politics in Pillow Cases

A victory in Texas and a near victory in Oregon indicate that the Ku-Klux Klan is still meddling in politics.

Political success will spell disaster sooner or later to the sheet and pillow case masqueraders. The vast majority of Americans have a well settled idea that secret societies must keep out of elections. No society founded on religion and racial prejudices has ever had more than a fleeting success.

The Ku-Klux Klan is built up on religious and racial hatreds, drawing added membership from people who delight in flummery and fantastic costumes and who think it fine fun to terrorize communities in disguise, so there is the least possible chance of being caught at it.

What the Texas victory will do is to center attention upon the Klan again. It does not thrive on publicity, as it discovered from recent experience when its membership fell enormously.

The Ku-Kluxers can continue to parade in their white and flowing robes and their witch's masks as long as they choose, provided they do not try to frighten voters or other citizens or seek the control of local politics.

As soon as they begin that systematically they will soon cease to exist as an organization.

## Two Men

Arthur Loewe, police officer, is to be buried to day with the highest honors of the Police Department. While protecting the public he was shot down by "Liverpool Jack" Walsh, whose crime record covered nearly half a century and two continents. Loewe, an aviator during the war and a policeman with a record of unusual bravery and service, had the satisfaction of knowing that his sacrifice had not been altogether in vain.

Loewe died leaving the world richer. "Liverpool Jack" left it fighting slavery to the very end. Loewe not only risked his life for his country during the war, but since he joined the police force in 1919 he has been noted for his fearlessness. Attacked by a butcher with a cleaver, he took his prisoner to the station before accepting hospital treatment for his injuries. Only a short while ago he was injured while stopping a team of runaway horses.

"Liverpool Jack," on the other hand, served his first term in jail in 1878 for burglary, and began a second one in 1883, this time in England, and a third one in 1893, and so on down the decades, his last sentence being in 1914. Of his sixty-five years thirty were passed in prison.

So died two men. The one was an enemy of society, the other its friend. One was born in as good an environment as the other. One did not need reform. The other was unreformable. Each controlled his destiny, one directing it to noble ends and the other to vicious ends. Despite the contention of prison sentimentalists men are different. It would have been a good thing for Arthur Loewe and society if "Liverpool Jack" had never been allowed to breathe free air.

## A Reminder

To throw a thing away when one is through with it for somebody else to pick up is a mean habit. Perhaps the habit is no more prevalent in New York than elsewhere. But we are not boasting. Refuse of every sort broadcasts disease and afflicts the eyes.

The Merchants' Association, which is attempting to drive home to all the people the obligation of

civic tidiness, asks the newspapers to remind their readers not to litter the streets and parks with to-day's or yesterday's news. The association suggests the publication daily of some such notice as this:

"Please do not leave or throw this paper on any street or in any park. Help keep your city clean and beautiful."

The Tribune is sure its readers, if any of them have offended, will take this admonition in good part and do their share in keeping New York presentable.

## More Back-Patting

Commissioner of Markets O'Malley recently admitted there was graft in his department. But this contributed no information. Every one in Gansevoort and Wallabout markets knows it. The Meyer Committee long ago established it.

The Commissioner has no defense except that he is so busy repelling attacks on his "collectors" who assess pushcart peddlers \$1 a week that the poor man has no time, he says, to make the proper sort of search for it. The "collecting" system is one of the most amazing the city has ever known. In a hearing before Justice Cropsey last week it developed that more than half a million dollars a half year is collected from the peddlers and that of this money there is no definite accounting. "Nice plunder for somebody," was Justice Cropsey's comment.

Now comes Mayor Hylan with a letter to Mr. O'Malley assuring him of absolute confidence in his administration and charging that profiteers are trying to injure the administration—apparently by complaining about graft in the Market Department.

It may be assumed that after the receipt of this letter Mr. O'Malley will sit back happily and give himself no further trouble about his promise to get rid of the grafters. Why should he do anything more when the man who appointed him fulsomely assures him that his work is perfect?

Loyalty to honest and energetic appointees is commendable. But patting on the back commissioners such as Enright and O'Malley strengthens them in the arrogant attitude that whatever they do is right and convinces citizens that it is idle to complain.

## The Prohibition Poll

The second hundred thousand votes cast in "The Literary Digest's" poll on prohibition shows no very material change since the first hundred thousand. The percentages of the total votes cast up to the date of the latest bulletin give 36.94 per cent for strict enforcement, 41.05 per cent for light wines and beers and 22.01 per cent for complete repeal of the prohibition act.

The country seems to want some form of prohibition, but is dissatisfied with the present kind. If it be admitted, as seems undoubtedly true, that those voting for repeal of the amendment would prefer light wines and beer to legal dryness, the wet forces number a fraction over 63 per cent of the voters. Those opposed to a complete repeal, however, total 78 per cent.

Geographically the vote is distinctly interesting. The driest regions are found west of the Alleghenies and east of the Rockies. The wettest districts are in those states having big cities and industrial centers. Twenty-five states favor complete prohibition, twenty want light wines and beer, and two vote for repeal.

In some of the states the vote is still too small to be accepted as definitive. In others, however, it is large enough to give a quite clear indication of public sentiment. When the third or fourth hundred thousand votes are counted it should be possible to form an accurate estimate of the state of public opinion.

## Russia's Doomed Churches

A group of Russians in Paris have appealed to Lloyd George to intervene in behalf of the leaders of the Russian Church condemned to death for resisting the Soviet order to turn over the Church valuables to the Soviet authorities.

This appeal calls attention once more to the limits to which the Soviet authorities have gone. Not content with robbing the churches, they would murder the Church leaders who resist. They have deposed the Patriarch Tikhon, head of the Church, and are soon to bring him to trial. They have sentenced to death the Metropolitan Benjamin, head of the Church in Petrograd, and ten other Church dignitaries. Their only defense is that the Church sought to guard its treasures.

Execution, however, has been postponed. Perhaps the Soviet authorities are beginning to hesitate. Perhaps it has dawned upon them that their course does not pay. When Bela Kun and his little group of Bolsheviks seized the power in Hungary, Lenin sent him a radio message urging him not to kill members of the Allied missions in Budapest because it was not practical and would enrage the Allied governments. Perhaps this same sort of wisdom has brought about a de-

lay in the execution of the Russian Church members.

Lloyd George may be able to secure the liberation of the churchmen. To call on the sense of justice or humanitarianism of the Bolsheviks would, of course, be a waste of effort, but to point out that it may not be profitable to carry out the execution may be of use.

## More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

## Futile

The Redskin no more is romantic;  
The feathers and buckskin and paint  
That he now and then wears to his  
tribal affairs  
Can't make him appear what  
he isn't.  
For his ways are the ways of the  
white man,  
And his head with their knowl-  
edge is stored,  
And he now tills the soil with  
laborious toil  
And he comes to a dance in a  
Ford.

No Indian, when chauffing a  
Fiver,  
No matter how wild he may be,  
Though his hideous cries may re-  
sound to the skies,  
Is much of an object to see.  
No war dance where savages  
gather,  
With fierce, aboriginal din,  
Any echo can hold of the brave  
days of old  
When surrounded by boilers of  
tin.

In vain are the shouts and the  
dancing,  
In vain are the guttural grunts,  
In vain may poor Lo don his  
blanket and go  
Through his forefathers' sav-  
agest stunts.  
That Ford that is parked in the  
office,  
Containing the squaw and pa-  
poose,  
Takes away the romance from  
the pitiful dance  
And proves it is all of no use.

The Indian may grieve for the  
glories  
That were his ere the white  
man arrived;  
He may think the ways of those  
historic days  
In his innermost soul have sur-  
vived.  
But he's tamed by the march of  
invention,  
However he prances and kicks;  
His yells and his clothes are a  
mere hollow pose.  
For a Ford and an Indian  
won't mix.

## With the Strike and Everything

We suspect that if those British  
scientists had got to the top of Ever-  
est all they would have found  
have been a lot of anthracite.

## If He Tries It

The man of the future will never  
be casting a lingering, longing look  
back at the whisky that father used  
to make.

## Big Enough as It Is

England ought to be thankful that  
Ireland is not as big as Russia.  
(Copyright by James J. Montague)

## China's Coal

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Of interest at this time of dis-  
cussion of coal possibilities may be the  
following extract from a letter re-  
ceived to-day from a Chinese at  
Tongshan, Chih-li, in China. In speak-  
ing of the mining administration he  
says:

"There are about 100 Chinese and  
twenty foreigners on the staff of  
this Tongshan office. You will be in-  
terested to know that one of the  
mines possessed by this company is  
situated near Tongshan and is the  
biggest coal mine in the world. It  
turns out 7,000 tons of coal a day.  
This company has altogether over  
20,000 workmen at the mines."  
It has long been claimed that China  
has beneath its surface twenty times  
the coal and iron that Europe has. The  
"open-door policy" of the United States  
may yet prove very helpful.

CHARLES S. HARTWELL.

Pomona, N. Y., July 22, 1922.

## "Is the Razorback Going?"

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Your article in this morning's  
paper regarding the extinction (?) of  
the razorback recalls a story which  
was told me for a true one a number  
of years ago by a Florida lady.

It seems that a Northern man had  
imported some very fine hogs into the  
state with the intention of improving  
the breeds. He exhibited one of his  
finest specimens at the local agricul-  
tural fair, expecting, of course, to be  
given first prize. What was his  
amazement when he found that his hog  
was not even mentioned. He went to  
the judges and protested.

But the chairman of the board re-  
plied in these words: "No hog is  
worth anything in this country, sir,  
unless he can root enough to provide  
his own living and run fast enough to  
keep out of the way of the poachers,  
and yours can't do either. The razor-  
backs can." DWIGHT C. STONE.

Stonington, Conn., July 21, 1922.

## Wide Awake Block Party

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Talking of noise, there was a  
block party around the corner from  
where I live the other night. That was  
all right, and I shouldn't have a word  
of complaint, but for this—the band  
did not cease to blare, the ice cream  
vendors to "holler" and the children to  
scream till 1 a. m. Why 1 a. m.?  
Would not midnight at the latest be  
a rational hour to bring the festivities  
to an end and so give the neighbors  
a chance to sleep? F. M.

Brooklyn, July 22, 1922.

## By Contraries

(From The Charleston News-Courier)  
Trotzky has made a speech in which  
he didn't say a word about launching  
the Red army at the rest of Europe.  
The rest of Europe had better load its  
pistol and keep a sharp eye open.

## The Tower

## REMEMBRANCE

THOUGH I may some time know  
the bliss of Heaven,  
Free from all stain of earth,  
I shall feel stirrings of the old-  
time heaven  
When summer has rebirth.

I shall desire to tread these quiet  
pathways;  
To watch the river flow,  
And see the distant hillsides turn  
to purple  
Against the sunset glow.

I shall not cease to love the fragrant  
grasses;  
The murmurs of the bees;  
The shadows stretching as the day-  
light passes;  
The robins in the trees.

B. A. S.

Germany is launching a drive to bring  
about prohibition in the so-called re-  
public. Maybe they're tired of blaming  
all the murders on royalist plotters.

We are in favor of prohibition in  
Germany. We urge the immediate and  
unanimous drying up of the country.  
When this takes place we'll stop get-  
ting wine lists from our globe-trotting  
friends, with the prices in American  
money penciled on the margins.

Of course, the whole movement  
may be the work of the well known  
German propagandists who are trying  
to rouse the sympathies of Americans  
for the people of the Fatherland.

We're Running a Temperature Ourselves  
Sir: Would you consider it a good  
5 to 8 bet that Mrs. Elda Purry Hopper,  
De Wolf's fifth spouse, who is now try-  
ing to break the matrimonial hand-  
cuffs that bind her to him, will be De  
Wolf's final Hopper, or wouldn't you?  
Feverishly awaiting your reply.

FRED HAWTHORNE.

The Ku-Klux Klan has shown that  
it has political control of Texas, and  
it's our earnest belief that it serves  
them both right.

## CURIOUS CRITTERS

The snail is sometimes very rude;  
When in a temperamental mood,  
He pulls himself into his shell  
And tells the world to go to hell.

S. B. K.

The wasp beneath the attic stair,  
His nest has neatly hung;  
But if you look for honey there  
You're certain to be stung.

G. O. S.

You'll find the skeeter, if you meet,  
A byword among fella;  
He likes, when sitting down to eat,  
A sauce of citronella.

England insists that Egyptian out-  
rages against British officials must  
stop. This warning might be backed  
up with a threat to make Egypt a  
free state.

## The Wonders of Nature

He was one of those birds who had  
never been out of New York. Year  
in, year out, the Big Town was his  
world.

This year we persuaded him to go  
away with us on our vacation. So we  
took him to our favorite farm in the  
mountains of Pennsylvania.

Together we climbed the hills and  
viewed the surrounding country. Down  
into the valleys we went then, and the  
brooks and waterfalls were pointed out  
to him. All of the better handiwork of  
Nature was called to his attention. We  
waited for his comment. Eventually it  
came.

"Well," he said, "they've certainly  
got enough Fords in this part of the  
country."

BILL NETCH.

Daily our belief grows that the "Back  
to the soil" slogan was originated by an  
Eric commuter.

Life in the open spaces of Jersey  
is spoiling our appreciation of art.  
We studied a landscape painting for  
several minutes yesterday before we  
realized what was the matter with it.  
Then came enlightenment. The artist,  
with a fine disregard for nature, had  
painted a vista without flanking it on  
one side by a soft drink booth and on  
the other by a hot dog stand.

## Realization

When the facts are all considered,  
There can be but one conclusion:  
The thought that I am up-to-date  
Is merely a delusion.

I cannot use a fountain pen—  
The sad conviction lingers—  
It either will not write at all  
Or the ink gets on my fingers.

Wrist watches don't appeal to me—  
They feel so out of place—  
And a good old-fashioned razor  
Is required to scrape my face.

And as for jellied bouillon  
And led coffee, it would be  
Impossible to tell you how  
De trop they are with me.

I wear a derby hat and still  
Rely upon suspenders;  
I don't approve of knickers,  
Irrespective of the genders.

It's a mortifying statement,  
Although interspersed with rhymes,  
But I know I am old-fashioned  
And a mile behind the times.

J. H. W. Jr.

Mortality statistics among liquor  
drinkers prove beyond a doubt that the  
dry official who said he had seen only  
six drunk in a tour of the United  
States never thought of visiting the  
morgues.

## THE DUN HESITANT

(Found by E. N. in the Jenkintown, Pa.,  
Times-Chronicle)  
The committee wishes to state that all  
those who were pleased with the fireworks  
on Thursday evening and have not as yet  
contributed and feel so if they would like  
may send their contribution to Mr. Herbert  
Cliffe, Walnut Street.

The Merchants Association's Anti-  
Litter Bureau is issuing instructions for  
the organization's members for the  
elimination of scraps and garbage from  
the thoroughfares of the Greatest and  
Best City.

"Read 'em," the instructions are  
doubtless headlined. "Read 'em and  
sweep." F. F. V.

## WAITING FOR THE RATTLE OF COAL DOWN THE CHUTE

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## On Finding Out the Truth (From the Kansas City Star)

A gentleman who says he's a truth-  
seeker, and is evidently lonesome,  
writes to this newspaper from Evan-  
ston, Ill., and wants to know if we  
can spare the time to tell him briefly what's  
gone wrong with the world, anyway. He  
says he's been asking everywhere and  
can't find out.

He says that even truth-seekers like  
himself who have bestowed the deep-  
est thought on the problem cannot  
agree among themselves. Bring truth-  
seekers together on a problem of  
mathematics, he says, and they'll all  
figure out the same and the correct  
answer, but bring them together on a  
question of ethics or politics and they'll  
return answers as wide as the poles.  
There must, he thinks, be some funda-  
mental defect in a civilization that has  
been able to produce no demonstrated  
rules by which a given result—say, the  
welfare and happiness of humankind—  
can be attained. Nay, defect he knows  
there is, but what he hasn't been able  
to find out is, What is it, where is it  
and how can it be removed? That's  
what he wants to know if we have time  
to tell him.

Time is nothing to this newspaper  
when it is a question of finding out the  
truth. That's its business. But it has  
been its experience that truth, instead  
of remaining quietly at the bottom of a  
well until a bucket is let down for it,

has no fixed abode at all and no address  
where it can be reached by letter, tele-  
phone or personal solicitation.

To find out the truth about the causes  
that have brought about the present  
condition of the world might sound  
easy to this newspaper if it hadn't fre-  
quently tried to find out the truth  
about the collision of two motor cars,  
or exactly what happened when a fight  
started. These things happen in the  
plain view of hundreds, witnesses are  
willing and voluble, and but for the  
fact that it is very difficult to find any  
two who saw the same thing it would  
be very easy to find out what really  
happened. It has been said that the  
whole aim of civilization is to get  
twelve men into a jury box, but it  
might be asked What do they do when  
they're put there? Disagree, usually.  
If a jury can't agree on the meaning of  
testimony submitted under rules of  
evidence, what chance have truth-seek-  
ers outside of a jury box with no rules  
at all?

It is not given to the sons of Adam  
to see things alike. It is not given to  
them to see things from the standpoint  
of the many, but only from that of the  
individual. That is why it is necessary  
for society acting collectively to set  
up certain rules of conduct which  
operate generally, if loosely, in favor  
of the many, and why they are pro-  
tested against so vigorously by the in-

dividuals who feel their restrictions.  
This being so, truth-seekers will not  
readily get everybody, or even any con-  
siderable number, to come together on  
any common ground for the reconstruc-  
tion of the world. There are quite a  
good many people in it whose turn it  
serves pretty well just as it is. All  
those who object to the running of  
law, for example. They are not likely  
to be active as reformers, in case the  
truth-seekers should determine some  
reforms to be desirable. But it does  
not even appear that the nature of  
such reforms, if reforms are indicated,  
could readily be agreed upon. The  
Evanston truth-seeker seems to have  
found that out already. Nor is it  
politics only that divide reformers;  
frequently they will divide in the same  
household. The philosopher Godwin  
thought it would be a fine reform to  
abolish marriage, but when Shelley  
came along and eloped with his daughter  
the old man raved like an ordinary  
citizen who pays taxes and votes the  
Republican ticket.

Any time the Evanston truth-seeker  
gets on a promising trail of the truth  
and will notify this newspaper it will  
put its best reporters on the job and  
try to run it down. And while it is  
watching for signs at the Evanston  
end of the line "The Star" will contin-  
ue its vigilance at the Kansas City end.  
Good Luck, Evanston!

## What Readers Are Thinking